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LONDON, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1892.

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THIRD EDITION.
"THE PEOPLE" OFFICE.
Saturday Evening.

ATEST TELEGRAMS.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)

DEATH OF M. HERVE.
PARIS, November 3.—The death is announced of M. Herve, the well-known comédien. M. Herve, whose real name was Raymond Rouger, was born near Arras in 1848. For many years he acted as organist in different churches in Paris, but in 1883 he came to the operatic stage, appearing first in an opéra-comique composed by himself, and called "Don Quichotte et Sancho Panza." In 1886, M. Herve took a small theatre on the boulevard du Temple, which he called the Théâtre Concerts, and there produced a series of comic-operas. He retired from the stage in 1890. M. Herve composed numerous light dramatic works, the best known of which are "Gai Crève," "Le Petit Faust," and "Alpierre."

INTELLIGENCE UPON AN AUSTRALIAN EX-MINISTER.

Northampton, November 3.—Today the trial of Francis Abigail and Mr. Macnamara, director and manager respectively of the Australian Banking Company, was brought to a conclusion. The two prisoners were found guilty of conspiracy to defraud the shareholders of the company by issuing false bank-notes, and sentenced. Mr. Abigail five years' and Mr. Macnamara to seven years' penal servitude. Messrs. Salmon and Hart, their co-defendants, were acquitted. This is the second trial which has taken place in this matter. The first trial was concluded October 16th, when four of the directors were acquitted, while the jury failed to agree with respect to Messrs. Abigail and Macnamara. The sentence has caused a great sensation. Mr. Abigail was for two years master of mines, and was a magistrate both in South Wales and Victoria. During a visit to London in 1889, when he acted as New South Wales Commissioner for the Mining exhibition at the Crystal Palace, he was called upon to give evidence before the Royal Commission on Mines, which was then sitting. He gave some valuable testimony based on his experience of colonial mining.

SEIZURE OF BRITISH SEALERS.

Ottawa, November 3.—It is stated here that no explanation has yet been received from the Russian Government regarding the seizure of British sealers in the Northern seas outside Russian jurisdiction. It is evidently expected here that the fullest explanations will be required by the British Government.

OSMAN DIGMA ADVANCING.

Raid near Suakin, November 3.—Osman Digma is showing renewed activity. On September 2d, 200 men, well armed, left Berber to join their chieftain, who has been endeavouring to gather the tribes together to attack the Egyptians. The tribes friendly to the government fled at the approach of Osman Digma, a new fort has been built at Shambuk. Osman receives small assistance from the tribes.

THE STRIKE AT CARMAUX.

RESUMPTION OF WORK.

CARMAUX, November 3.—The miners assembled at the headquarters of their union at 6 o'clock this morning, and subsequently marched past the gendarmerie singing the "Marmagnole," about one-third of their number resumed work. The morning being most of them carried umbrellas, and specifically greeted the passers-by. A representative of the press was informed by one of the miners that had he followed his own inclination he would have resumed work long ago. Perfect quiet and order prevails at the coal pits, and the men, without being enthusiastic, are apparently satisfied.

INCIDENT IN A RAILWAY TUNNEL.

BRUTZBURG, November 3.—A fatal accident occurred in the railway tunnel on the line between this place and the neighbouring town of Cannstatt yesterday evening, when a gang of workmen employed in the tunnel were run over by a train. One man was killed, and two received severe injuries.

A HOUSE BLOWN UP.

(DAHLBERG'S TELEGRAM.)

BROM (Puy de Dome), November 4.—A house was blown up by dynamite last night in the neighbouring mining town of St. Eloy-lez-Briey. So far, no particulars as to the circumstances attending the explosion have transpired, nor is it known whether there was any life.

STRIKE AT NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, November 3.—The Amalgamated Council has ordered a general strike of trade unionists. The strike will affect 600 men.

(CENTRAL NEWS TELEGRAMS.)

RELIGIONISTS EXPELLED FROM SWITZERLAND.

BERNE, November 4.—Two members of the Salvation Army, known as "Marchais" and "Colonel" Clibborn, who were arrested at Geneva last night for disobeying a decree of expulsion that had been promulgated against them, were this morning conducted by police to the French frontier.

ANOTHER REVOLT IN BRAZIL.

RIO DE JANEIRO, November 4.—The Herald publishes a telegraph reporting the occurrence of another revolutionary outbreak in Porto Seguro. Many of the rebels are stated to have been killed in conflict with the Government forces.

RIOTING IN SICILY.

ROME, November 4.—News has reached us that a riot has broken out in the town of Barcellona, Sicily, consequent upon levying additional taxation. Attacks were made on the municipal buildings and the residences of officials, almost every window in which was smashed. The local gendarmes were powerless to suppress the rioting, several of their number were injured, and it was not until after the arrival of troops that order was restored.

The Bishop of Chichester on Thursday celebrated his 50th birthday. His lordship is in excellent health, and is still very active in the discharge of his duties.

THE CHARGE OF ROBBING MISS CLEMENTINA BLACK.

An official communication from the Home Office has been received by Messrs. Waters and Bryant, the solicitors to the prisoner, Miss Neil, now under sentence of death in Newgate, to the effect that in consequence of the petition from that firm, coupled with affidavits prepared and lodged by them, the Queen has been pleased to respite the execution for seven days from Tuesday next. The Home Secretary states that should the result of investigation of the American and Canadian evidence be unfavourable to the law it will have to take its course, and that the respite it is understood is granted for the purpose of allowing this evidence to be received and considered; a decision which has already been communicated to the condemned man. It may be added that Neil's solicitors are sparing no efforts to prove that Neil was not in a condition to be responsible for his actions.

THE ALTHORP MYSTERY.

REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT.

A Northampton correspondent telegraphs that interest in Northampton has again been aroused in the Althorp murder case by the return to her friends of Mrs. Jackson, better known locally as Kate Tate, who it was at one time believed was the victim of the tragedy. Indeed the girl's mother it is stated was the first to make the belief public, and at the police station thought she recognised a green dress worn by the murdered woman as one belonging to her daughter, who suddenly disappeared, and about whom nothing had been heard until her return.

ILLNESS OF AN M.P.

Mr. Samuel Woods, M.P., for Lincolnshire, has had to cancel all his immediate engagements, owing to the illness which has confined him to bed since Tuesday. While addressing a series of labour meetings he contracted a severe cold, from which his indisposition has developed, though as yet serious consequences are not apprehended.

FEEDING A CHILD WITH PINS.

At North Walsham (Norfolk) a nurse girl, aged 16, was charged with cruelty to the infant child of Mr. Robert Barcham, veterinary surgeon, by administering pins to it. The child, which is 7 months old, has suffered intense agony, and now lies in a dangerous condition. The prisoner at first said she knew nothing about it, but afterwards admitted to a fellow-servant that she had studded pins in the baby's mouth as it lay in its cradle.—Remanded in custody.

CAPTAIN LUGARD'S TRAVELS.

EMIR PASHA AND THE DWARFS.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Capt. Lugard read a paper on his journey from the East Coast of Africa to Uganda and the great equatorial lakes of Africa. He disposed some of the common ideas as to the character of East Africa. In the higher altitudes he found soft, springy turf, like an English lawn; he saw the forget-me-not and clover, and jessamine; he felt the nettle and bramble and thistle; evergreen bushes of very many kinds abounded, and the

SCENERY WAS THAT OF EUROPE.

Rushing streams and sheltered bays of lakes afforded the same picturesque glimpses of scenery as were to be found in Scotland, and as the hills were scaled with the cold wind in one's teeth, one felt the same bracing atmosphere. Later on he was ordered to proceed to Uganda. The route, branching off at the Lake Turkana, crossing the Man plateau, and traversing the Guseo Nigia, seemed to be a country of great possibilities. To those who had spent a long time in the tropics it seemed like one of Arctic cold at an elevation of 7,000 to 8,000 feet. It was here that he should like to see the grand experiment of European colonization tried; the experiment, the result of which was to

DETERMINING THE FUTURE.

of this vast continent. Speaking of the Mungambo, Capt. Lugard described them as the slave raids of Mysia. They sent him, as they heard of his approach, a tiny girl-child as a present; it transpired that she was a dwarf from the forests. Others they had come like wild beasts, and they told him—which he could scarcely believe—that Emir Pasha, on his way past here, had commissioned him to catch them for him against his return.

ANOTHER ALLEGED PRIZE SWINDLE.

At Stockton-on-Tees, William Dickie Gordon, son of the late Rev. Mr. Gordon, of Darlington, and Ernest Northbrook of Darlington, were committed for trial for obtaining money by false pretences. The charge against them was of conspiring to defraud David C. Davies, house agent, of West Hartlepool, and numerous other people. The Treasury prosecuted. The accused had offices in Stockton and advertised extensively throughout the kingdom, prizes for the solution of puzzles. As an illustration of the extent of their business it may be mentioned that they had 1,200,000 circulars printed by a firm of advertising agents in London, and also advertised for them extensively. The prisoners, it was alleged, received thousands of letters enclosing postal orders from people who competed, but no prize money or bicycles were distributed. Both prisoners attempted to avoid arrest, Gordon by bolting across country from Richmond to Catterick.

LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

A long discussion took place at Thursday's meeting of the School Board for London on a proposal to place the erection of a new school in the hands of an architect to be selected by means of competition. Ultimately an amendment was carried, referring the matter to the Works Committee. A communication was received from the Education Department as to the alleged want of school places in Gillanders-road School, Highbury. It was referred to the School Accommodation and Attendance Committee. A letter sent by the Earl of Meath respecting the opening of the playgrounds on Saturdays was also referred to the committee. The annual report with regard to school attendance was presented. It stated that the number of children in the elementary school class had increased by 233,000. In all efficient schools the number of places had increased by 430,574. The average number on the rolls had increased by 452,761, while the average attendance had increased by 338,324.

THE DOG AND THE UMBRELLAS.

Frederick Hampton, 45, described as a fishmonger, London-road, Croydon, was charged on remand, at Lambeth, with stealing and receiving a lady's silk umbrella, valued at £1. 10s. The property of Louisa Squires.—The case, which is a very singular one, was reported last week, when it was stated that a dog ran at prostitutes at the entrance to a public house at prosenitrix in Highbury. It was referred to the School Accommodation and Attendance Committee. A letter sent by the Earl of Meath respecting the opening of the playgrounds on Saturdays was also referred to the committee. The annual report with regard to school attendance was presented. It stated that the number of children in the elementary school class had increased by 233,000. In all efficient schools the number of places had increased by 430,574. The average number on the rolls had increased by 452,761, while the average attendance had increased by 338,324.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

It has been decided by Harry Pollock and Justice Hawkins that the trial of the Central Wesleyan Election petition shall take place at the Royal Courts of Justice, but no date has been fixed for the commencement of the proceedings.—An application that the Wesleyan petition be tried within the constituency has been rejected.—On Friday Harry Pollock and Justice Hawkins examined the time in which particular should be delivered of the alleged corrupt practices against the sitting member, Mr. Isaacson, ten days before the hearing of the petition, and ordered that the costs of the appeal should be the respondent's costs in any event.—Mr. J. Shaw, of Tamworth, solicitor to Major Dawson, M.P., has received information that Sir John Swinburne will not proceed with the Lichfield election petition.—Mr. T. M. Healy, of Dublin, complained to the petition judges in Dublin on Friday that he had been insulted in the grossest manner by a man as he was leaving the court after making an application.—The man had treated him in the same way before.—The court said they would attach and punish the man if Mr. Healy desired it, but Mr. Healy was satisfied with the court's expression.

MARRIAGE OF MISS NORTH.

The marriage of Mr. George A. Lockett, son of Mr. E. J. Lockett, of Liverpool, with Emma, only daughter of Col. J. T. North, of Avery Hill, Eltham, took place in Holy Trinity Church, Eltham, on Thursday. The church was ornamented with palms, flowering bambus, white chrysanthemums, and other flowers in profusion—in fact, flowers were quite a feature, many of the ladies carrying bouquets of orchids, chrysanthemums in every variety of shade, carnations, roses, and the gentlemen, almost without exception, wore buttonholes. A detachment of the 2nd (East London) Tower Hamlets Engineer Volunteers, of which Col. North is hon. colonel, lined the covered and carpeted pathway through the churchyard during the ceremony. The bridesmaids were Miss Rose North, Miss Louis Dickinson, and Miss Beatrice Beasley, cousins of the bride; Miss Nora Lockett, and Miss J. Lockett, nieces of the bridegroom; Miss Evans, daughter of the Lord Mayor; Miss Cooke, Miss Smith, and Miss Kate Merryweather. They were attired in dresses of white bengaline, the bodices slightly trimmed with pink velvet, worn flounces of coffee-coloured lace, and sashes of pink crepe de chine; their large white hats being ornamented with white carnations and emerald bows of plush pink velvet. The bridegroom presented them with his ring.

SHIP DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Serious Loss or Life.

The British barque Norcross, of Fleetwood, Capt. Koop, Philadelphia for Rouen, with petroleum, has been destroyed by fire in the Seine. The captain, his wife, the steward, and four sailors were saved, but several were burned—it is reported in all nine.

MR. BOTTONLEY AND THE HAZARD PROSECUTIONS.

In the Queen's Bench Division on Friday, Justice Grantham, sitting without a jury, had before him the case of the Hazard Union v. Paine, which was an action to recover calls on shares.—Mr. Bottonley was one of the witnesses called, and in cross-examination by Mr. Joll, Q.C., admitted that he had been committed for trial on charges of frauds in connection with the transactions of the company. That was about a year ago, but he had heard nothing further about the matter.

The prosecution had been taken up by the plaintiff.—His lordship decided that the latter should be referred to himself, when

the court adjourned to the chancery steps, and at once passed to the chancey steps.

She was in the dress of the richest white satin, seated in front with exquisite point de gaze, one of her mother's presents, a flounce of which edged the long train; the top of the bodice had a large square cape of satin trimmed all round with lace and orange blossoms, and the sleeves were very full. She wore a coronet of natural orange blossoms, and a tulip veil, fastened by diamond ornaments, the gifts of the bridegroom. The service was fully choral. The officiating priest, who said he "believed" there was one child of the marriage, but could not swear to it. (Laughter.) He had charged his wife with misconducting herself, but had no evidence. He alleged that she used to drug him at night. Notwithstanding that he had written to her to come back to him, as he was very fond of her. He suggested that she was unfaithful. He denied striking his wife one night. On that occasion he kissed her.—Mr. Barnard: Did the "kissing" make her face bleed?—Witness: Not that I am aware of. (Laughter.)—A workman was doing some repairs to the respondent's house on October 28th 1891, deposited as a glass being thrown at Lieut. Regan, whose hand was cut.—Justice Barnes said he gave evidence to the wife's story in preference to that of her husband. As to the chloroform, which was a delusion on the part of the respondent, the petitioner would have granted that he had been given chloroform.

ANOTHER CRIMINAL SLEEP-WALKER.

A curious case is going on at the Assize Court of the Alps Maritime. The accused is Leon Waloff, a young man of 29. The charge against him is that of attempting to murder Madame Garin de Cocconato, in whose service he was employed as valet, and also a lady named Bracco, who was staying in the same house. On May 13th last, after Madame de Cocconato had retired to rest, she suddenly awoke, and perceived the prisoner in her room. After attacking her with a revolver, wounding her in the forehead, Waloff then fled, and was arrested some ten days afterwards at Genoa, under romantic circumstances. In his defence, Waloff contended that he fell asleep while sitting in a chair, and that a few minutes later he was attacked by somnambulism.

"GENERAL" BOOTH SUMMONED.

William Booth, "General" of the Salvation Army, was at Wellington on Friday, summoned by the Ecclesiastical Local Board for a breach of the Public Health Act, by refusing to pay £25 17s., his share of making a payment in three parts, in which thorough the local board made the improvement in the street named, and apportioned the costs among the various owners; but the "general" declined payment, contending that as incumbent or minister of a building used for religious purposes it was exempt from such payment.—The bench held that "General" Booth was not incumbent or minister of the building at Highbury, and as they were satisfied that he was the beneficial owner, they made an order for the amount claimed.

CLARK V. CLARK AND PERRY.

This was the husband's petition. There was no defence. William Clark, the petitioner, said he was formerly in the service of Norrington and Co., sulphuric acid manufacturers, at Plymouth. The respondent's father was a (petitioner's) foreman. He married the respondent on the 25th of January, 1890, at the church of Charles the Martyr, Plymouth, and they afterwards resided in that town. There were two children of the marriage. She was after the marriage identified as his wife, and was addicted to drink, and a deed of separation was agreed to between them in 1897. Some time after that he heard respondent had misconducted himself, and had then consulted his father as to what he should do in the matter. After the separation he offered the respondent money, but she refused it, and knocked it out of his hand. He identified her on June 17th at Well-street, Plymouth.—Mrs. Skilton, of Pierson's-road, Plymouth, said the respondent had resided in her house, and was confined there on the 31st of July, 1890. On leaving her house the respondent went to live at Well-street.—Stephen Stacey said he resided at Well-

**CIGARETTE PAPERS,
FOR AFTER-DINNER SMOKING.**

By JOSEPH HATTON.

On the March.

There is on all hands a kind of grim suggestion of coming trouble—a sort of "Hark, hark, the dogs do bark, the beggars are coming to town" feeling; or, as it used to be in the country districts, "The actors are coming; take in the clothes." They are marching with the red flag and the cap of liberty. Shut up your shops. One is inclined to be pessimistic with the leaves falling and the November fog gathering about us. "It is all on account of a bad harvest," certain publicists say, that winter comes this year "with starvation and famine in its sharp and thorny wings." But, depend upon it, the trouble lies far deeper than that. Good or bad harvests nowadays make very little difference to the farmer. The price of wheat is regulated by the imports. As for our Socialistic and so-called Labour friends, who trail their sanguinary-looking banners through the London streets, there is very little of the working man or the man who wants to be a working man in the attendant procession. What with public and private charity, and a bit of street begging, to say nothing of the casual work, occasional shoplifting, and general petty larceny, there are plenty of opportunities for the waster, the non-producer, the idle, drunkards refuse to make a living. Heaven knows the living is poor enough, but it is good enough for quite an army in every large city, more especially in London. As a rule, these vagabonds are the men who sport the cap of liberty and try to sing the "Marseillaise." The habitus of the "Reverend," which is a very different person to the poor beaten down wretch who has tried his hardest to get work, and at last breaks down, and with his wife and children shivers in some wretched tenement, whence he is eventually turned into the streets to beg or starve or steal. The deserving poor do not parade the streets; the really hard-up genuine working man is not to be found every Sunday in Hyde Park airing his grievances.

Judges without Judgment.

There are, of course, brilliant exceptions; but as a rule your publisher is not a clever man; he invariably misses the great book he often misses the popular one. The large houses trust to professional readers; some of these said tasters of manuscripts are in no position to form a judgment about anything they read, for the reason that they are a worn-out, jaded lot of bookworms, whose brains are so muddled over manuscripts—good, bad, and indifferent—that they can hardly be expected to know a good book from a bad one—small blame to them! Their chiefs occasionally are found wanting when the pinch of judgment comes. One of the most accomplished of them read "Vice Versa," and could not find a smile in it, much less a laugh. He laughed afterwards, but on the wrong side of his face, when the great reading public roared over it and found it the best book of its kind that had ever been published. An eminent firm declined "Robert Elmore," the book that has set all England and France talking. "An English man in Paris," was literally hawked as persistently and with his little success as Thackeray hawked the manuscript of his "Vanity Fair." Yet on publication it was considered to be good enough to have been written by Sir Richard Wallace. But what could the publishers expect from an ordinary journalist, a mere war correspondent, a simple leader writer, or maker of chit-chat for the press? Of course they could have nothing to do with the first book of such an author. Mr. Vandam has had, thank goodness, an ample revenge in his most clever, most brilliant book. One can understand Le Caron finding it difficult to get a publisher for the reason that there is such a thing as a law of libel in England; though I question whether the general refusal of the trade to have anything to do with the secret service man's revelations and confessions was based upon fears of the law. They would argue in this wise: "Oh, Le Caron said it he had to say in the witness-box; everybody read the evidence in the Times; it is an old story now; their best judge is at an end." Mr. Heinemann, quite a young and until lately little-known publisher, thought differently; and this kind of story might be continued from day to day. Every reader knows its beginning; the lives of all great writers, poets, dramatists, and painters are full of incidents of the strange want of judgment among the judges.

A Protest.

Professor Herkomer cannot resist a fling at publishers and editors in supplying materials for one of the most impressive biographies that appears with this week's *Art Journal*. No man has fought a harder or more severe "battle of life" than Herkomer, who at 44 is at the head of his profession, and one of the most cultured and sympathetic of artists. He not only fought poverty, want of opportunity, disengagement, but in his days of success has had to contend with the opposition and jealousy of some of his own illustrious contemporaries; for in these days the man who only paints landscape or the tinner who confines himself to figures, indeed, most of the men who work in grooves, hate to see a rising and strong competitor ring aside what they call tradition, and put his hand to every branch of art—not even over looking music, acting, modelling, scene painting, architecture, etching, engraving—and what is more, making his mark worthily right through the entire range of the graphic arts. But to return to the point of publishing and publishers. On the eve of success, but without having had near it, Mr. Herkomer encouraged by Daniel Broderick took the daring of a pretty girl, dreaming among us to an art publisher. After the usual inconsiderate and humiliating delay he was ushered into the august presence, which included one of the proprietors and his editor. They carpaged at his work, and more particularly found it deficient in strength and knowledge of anatomy. Herkomer was only too glad to escape without further criticism. He felt so much the unkindness of the treatment he received that he has placed on record the following protest:—"If editors and managers," he says, "would only remember that they may be dealing with men who are destined to succeed, and who remember kindness keenly as they do cruelty, they would be more

courteous to strange young men, or at least more cautious.

For the Encouragement of the Others.

No man has risen from penury to distinction without a hard and bitter struggle; but any man can rise from the meanest estate to the highest, given genius or talent backed by untiring industry and courage. Professor Herkomer, at about the time when he was snubbed by the art publisher, was penniless and hungry, and actually applied to Moore Burgess, "the Christy Minstrels," to give him an opening as a performer on the zither. This effort failing him, he did some stencilling work at South Kensington at £1. an hour. Mr. Herkomer in his happier days was wont to be pessimistic with the leaves falling and the November fog gathering about us. "It is all on account of a bad harvest," certain publicists say, that winter comes this year "with starvation and famine in its sharp and thorny wings." But, depend upon it, the trouble lies far deeper than that. Good or bad harvests nowadays make very little difference to the farmer.

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and actually applied to Moore Burgess, "the Christy Minstrels," to give him an opening as a performer on the zither.

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Mr. Herkomer in his happier days was wont to be pessimistic with the leaves falling and the November fog gathering about us.

"The actors are coming; take in the clothes." They are marching with the red flag and the cap of liberty.

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"It is all on account of a bad harvest," certain publicists say, that winter comes this year "with starvation and famine in its sharp and thorny wings."

But, depend upon it, the trouble lies far deeper than that.

Good or bad harvests nowadays make very little difference to the farmer.

The price of wheat is regulated by the imports.

As for our Socialistic and so-called Labour friends, who trail their sanguinary-looking banners through the London streets, there is very little of the working man or the man who wants to be a working man in the attendant procession.

What with public and private charity, and a bit of street begging, to say nothing of the casual work, occasional shoplifting, and general

petty larceny, there are plenty of opportunities for the waster, the non-producer, the idle, drunkards refuse to make a living. Heaven knows the living is poor enough, but it is good enough for quite an army in every large city, more especially in London.

As a rule, these vagabonds are the men who sport the cap of liberty and try to sing the "Marseillaise."

The habitus of the "Reverend," which is a very different person to the poor beaten down wretch who has tried his hardest to get work, and at last breaks down, and with his wife and children shivers in some wretched tenement, whence he is eventually turned into the streets to beg or starve or steal. The deserving poor do not parade the streets; the really hard-up genuine working man is not to be found every Sunday in Hyde Park airing his grievances.

Judges without Judgment.

There are, of course, brilliant exceptions; but as a rule your publisher is not a clever man; he invariably misses the great book he often misses the popular one. The large houses trust to professional readers; some of these said tasters of manuscripts are in no position to form a judgment about anything they read, for the reason that they are a worn-out, jaded lot of bookworms, whose brains are so muddled over manuscripts—good, bad, and indifferent—that they can hardly be expected to know a good book from a bad one—small blame to them!

Their chiefs occasionally are found wanting when the pinch of judgment comes. One of the most accomplished of them read "Vice Versa," and could not find a smile in it, much less a laugh.

He laughed afterwards, but on the wrong side of his face, when the great reading public roared over it and found it the best book of its kind that had ever been published. An eminent firm declined "Robert Elmore,"

the book that has set all England and France talking. "An English man in Paris," was literally hawked as persistently and with his little success as Thackeray hawked the manuscript of his "Vanity Fair."

Yet on publication it was considered to be good enough to have been written by Sir Richard Wallace.

But what could the publishers expect from an ordinary journalist, a mere war correspondent, a simple leader writer, or maker of chit-chat for the press?

Of course they could have nothing to do with the first book of such an author.

Mr. Vandam has had, thank goodness, an ample revenge in his most clever, most brilliant book.

One can understand Le Caron finding it difficult to get a publisher for the reason that there is such a thing as a law of libel in England;

though I question whether the general refusal of the trade to have anything to do with the secret service man's revelations and confessions was based upon fears of the law.

They would argue in this wise: "Oh, Le Caron said it he had to say in the witness-box; everybody read the evidence in the Times; it is an old story now; their best judge is at an end."

Mr. Heinemann, quite a young and until lately little-known publisher, thought differently; and this kind of story might be continued from day to day.

Every reader knows its beginning; the lives of all great writers, poets, dramatists,

and painters are full of incidents of the strange want of judgment among the judges.

A Protest.

Professor Herkomer cannot resist a fling at publishers and editors in supplying materials for one of the most impressive biographies that appears with this week's *Art Journal*.

No man has fought a harder or more severe "battle of life" than Herkomer, who at 44 is at the head of his profession, and one of the most cultured and sympathetic of artists.

He not only fought poverty, want of opportunity, disengagement,

but in his days of success has had to contend with the opposition and jealousy of some of his own illustrious contemporaries; for in these days the man who only paints landscape or the tinner who confines himself to figures, indeed, most of the men who work in grooves, hate to see a rising and strong competitor ring aside what they call tradition, and put his hand to every branch of art—not even over looking music, acting, modelling, scene painting, architecture, etching, engraving—and what is more, making his mark worthily right through the entire range of the graphic arts. But to return to the point of publishing and publishers. On the eve of success, but without having had near it, Mr. Herkomer encouraged by Daniel Broderick took the daring of a pretty girl, dreaming among us to an art publisher. After the usual inconsiderate and humiliating delay he was ushered into the august presence, which included one of the proprietors and his editor. They carpaged at his work, and more particularly found it deficient in strength and knowledge of anatomy. Herkomer was only too glad to escape without further criticism. He felt so much the unkindness of the treatment he received that he has placed on record the following protest:—"If editors and managers," he says, "would only remember that they may be dealing with men who are destined to succeed, and who remember kindness keenly as they do cruelty, they would be more

courteous to strange young men, or at least more cautious.

For the Encouragement of the Others.

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THE LADY OF CRISWOLD.
 BY LEONARD OUTRAM.

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE NORTH TOWER.
 Mrs. Adderley, hastily arranging her social affairs, journeyed to Criswold, accompanied by her husband and her son. The arrival of the bride's family in the absence of the bride intensified the general bewilderment and gave rise to the most extravagant gossip; but with this neither they nor the Earl showed any concern, nor need we.

It was not for some twelve hours after the mother's coming that she was permitted by the doctors to see her child. The great physicians had gone back to London, having delivered their judgment, briefly but compassionately, to the effect that Lady Beatrice was possessed with the most dangerous and permanent form of acute mania. The family doctor or the Adderleys assumed control of the patient jointly with Théophile Eeccard. Dr. Bartlett had brought the unhappy Beatrice into the world, and had been professionally a stranger to her since; but the gentle old fellow wept to behold her in condition that passed all his skill to remedy. He would not hear of the stricken parents being allowed to contemplate their daughter in her long-sustained and terrifying paroxysms, and when a period of exhaustion and melancholia supervened he prevailed upon Edmund to allow his mother and father to visit the patient alone.

Edmund remained therefore in the solitude of their apartments deep in contemplation of the lamentable turn that had taken place in their brilliantly promising fortunes. With the earl he was at openmindedly assuming the position of his sister's champion; while Harold indulged a bitter resentment against him for the attitude he had taken up.

Through the dim, deserted corridors Mr. and Mrs. Adderley, led by Dr. Bartlett and followed by the earl, wended their way to the North Tower. They went silently as though en route in the last and pilgrimage.

Within massive thicknesses of stone and ancient oaken doors, bound and studded with iron, dwelling apart a thing rejected, unknown, there found Beatrice, Countess of Criswold.

Dr. Bartlett first spoke with the French surgeon through the grating constructed in the inner door. After a moment's consultation Dr. Bartlett and Mrs. Adderley were admitted, the father and the husband of the patient remaining without to gaze through the barred aperture.

In the large octagonal chamber, the walls of which were stoutly padded, crouched a form strange to the eyes that had been familiar for twenty years with her whose name it bore. Clad in a single garment of a texture designed to defy destruction, her hair cut closely to her beautiful head, her face dominated by sullen, fixedly staring eyes, preternaturally deviated, her once finely moulded throat and arms shrunk to bone and fibre, the creature that the mother and father beheld there was scarcely recognisable as of their own flesh and blood.

Mrs. Adderley, although warned of the change in her daughter's aspect, had not prepared herself for so terrible a contrast with the fair young bride who had so recently left her home in the very height of joyousness and pride of beauty. Giving but little heed to the delicately expressed intimations conveyed to her, the mother had come with a purpose in her mind to exert her former influence and coerce with drastic measures a prompt return of reason. At a glance she saw with what terrible strides the madny had passed beyond such control. The sight paralysed her. A mother's instinct told her that this was indeed Beatrice; her mere vision would have declared it impossible.

Ed eccard advanced to the visitors. "Have no fear, madam," he said in a firm whisper; "we shall watch. We have all ready."

He indicated a tall, muscular, stern-faced woman, with keen eyes, who had risen from a seat behind the patient.

"Go to her, madam, have tranquillity. Be bold; be as yourself—her mother. Make pretence you oblige us."

Overcoming with an effort a sensation of faintness, Mrs. Adderley approached her daughter.

"Beatrice!"

No answer.

"Beatrice, dear child! My darling! My darling! Don't you hear me? Don't you know me? Your mother, dear, your mother. Oh, for God's sake! Doctor! Doctor Bartlett! Is she—is she alive?"

Hot tears rained down the face of the questioner as she grasped her old friend's arm and gazed at the rigid features of the maniac, so white and hard and dehumanised.

"Hush, my dear lady, hush! Do not give way," said Dr. Bartlett, gently patting her hand. "I feared the experiment would not be successful. She recognises none of us, and such a state as you now see her in is that for which we have most cause for thankfulness."

"Better that I should see her dead."

"No, no, we will not say that. It is a trite proverb, but a true one, that where life there is the possibility of—"

"They say she is incurable."

"Hush! All things are possible with God. Let us hope that in the course of years some amelioration may—"

"You do not believe it?"

"Oh, my poor child! My poor child! And this is Matthew's work. He crammed her poor brain from her earliest childhood, crammed it with bad and mouldering things that had already blighted his own life and made him worse than ever he was—a man, Matthew! Matthew!" shrieked, turning to the iron bars, "look at our poor girl, and see what you have brought her to."

"Let me come in."

The request sounded like a groan. The doctors consulted with a glance, and agreed to admit Mr. Adderley.

The father tottered into the room, followed by his son-in-law.

"Leave me alone with her," cried Matthew Adderley, in a tone of mingled command and pitiful entreaty; "I have been her constant companion, nearest to her, dearest to

her. Her heart has beaten as one with mine. If it be true that I have ruined her thus, God may vouchsafe to me her restoration, for He knows well I never had a thought for her but of love and blessing. Go, all of you, leave my child with her father alone."

There was something irresistible in the forlorn man's appeal. Dr. Bartlett led Mrs. Adderley away. Monsieur Eeccard beckoned to the keeper. All withdrew quietly and closed the door. Harold was mechanically following.

"Not you, not you!" exclaimed the father, "she loved you. You loved her fondly. They told me it would save her to be loved like that. I thought so—I believed it. Before God I did believe that! Come, stay here with me. We will wake her together."

Harold said nothing, but pressed the hand held out to him, and passed softly to the rear of the patient, where the keeper had stood.

Then Matthew Adderley came to his child, companion, work-mate; seated himself by her side; raised her poor hand and laid it against his cheek; turned her face to his; addressed her as he had been wont to do in the library and in the museum; spoke of their familiar studies—spoke to her in ancient languages of the East.

And Beatrice listened and gave heed to him, and presently broke silence. But her words were those of the early days of the world, and her thoughts but the pent-up storage of those of the long, long dead. There was no coherence, no arrangement, no perception; a recurrence only to a former habit of life, unguided and unruled.

The father vainly strove to shape some meaning from her deliveries. On, on, she rambled and mattered and declaimed; the words flowing interminably and gathering volume and vehemence. He recognising quotations from Sanskrit writings and the schoolmen, long passages from the Koran, and other sacred books, and wondered at the store of knowledge so young a girl had imperceptibly acquired. But his heart grew heavy, and hope died out as he heard her. It must be true, the worst, the worst. One effort more and he must leave her.

It had been his nightly custom from the time when she lay, a little smiling rosebud of humanity sleeping in her pretty cot, to go the last thing to her bedside, and laying his hand tenderly upon her, breathe a father's benediction into her tiny ear. And the infant, the child, the maiden, the woman had ever sweetly rejoiced in the penetrating love of that last good night. The sleeping face had brightened, the red lips had murmured back her love, the soul had answered from its paradise of dreams.

Could all those years of fondness be forgotten now?

He would put it to the test. She had thrown herself down upon the couch and lay upon her side, chanting an ancient Syrian war song. Her cheeks rested upon her prayer joined hands as her head lay against the pillow.

How often he had looked upon her thus, and yet never, never thus before!

He rose, went to the head of the couch and bent over her, laid his loving hand upon her forehead as in former days, and lowered his lips to her ear.

"God preserve my little girl!"

"Hell's fiends rot thee in chains of fire!"

With a shriek she sprang to her feet, her eyes afame, her attenuated throat bursting with a struggling mass of imprecations.

The father stood appalled.

She cursed him with the swift darting venom of an adder.

She leaped upon him like a panther starved for prey.

He fled forward.

At sight of her husband she gave a shriek that seemed to rend the great stone walls. She flung her father from her headlong like a doll of straw, and grappled fiercely with this new object of her frenzy.

Harold was prepared for her; he thrust her hands down from his throat.

She caught him by the hips and hurled him with demoniac fury against the wall. He groaned and lay motionless.

Two brawny keepers rushed upon her.

Her father and mother fled from the tower, pursued by her echoing shrieks.

CHAPTER XXI.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

"Upon these arguments I advise that there would be a case for trial in the courts, always provided that the family of the defendant gave evidence favourable to the pursuer, and were in all respects witnesses friendly to him."

Lord Dourie laid down the counsel's opinion and reclined in the armchair which he occupied in Lord Harold's study at Criswold.

"The parents are willing to declare their daughter to have been of unsound mind prior to her marriage?" he asked of the earl, who lay upon a couch by the window, with his shoulder swathed in surgical bandages.

"I have that assurance from Mr. Adderley."

"Then I take it that you will instruct your lawyers at once?"

"To what effect?"

"To obtain relief from this most unhappy bond."

"No."

Lord Dourie started in amazement and sat up in his chair, facing round upon a young earl.

"What?" repeated Harold.

The word was quietly spoken, simply and without emphasis, but there was a settled determination in the answer.

Lord Dourie looked at Harold for some moments, awaiting an explanation, but none came.

"My dear boy—son of my old and dear friend, I think I understand you. You cannot reconcile yourself to a second ordeal of the Divorce Court?"

"Is that surprising?"

"Perhaps not, regarding you in the mere aspect of a gentleman. But, my dear Harold, is there not a higher light in which you should consider your duty—your responsibility?"

"I can scarcely conceive one that differs in any material degree. As a Christian and a man of honour I am bound to remember that I took Beatrice Adderley to be my wife for better and for worse."

"Eh! I will not presume to define to your lordship the obligations of a Christian, or the obligations of honour; but in virtue of the long friendship and political league that had existed between the English and the Scottish peers. An image passed lightly through his remembrance of two fathers con-

tending the sport of a lad and a little girl, their children, and a faint echo of some half jesting, half prophecy that linked the young lives back to him with that image of the past.

Ho shrank from the painful episodes that lay corroding in his memory, and welcomed in their stead the pleasant record of a friendship that had never faltered, an affection that had kindled into love.

One by one the little tokens grew and multiplied. Childish gifts to him treasured up for his companionship; unaccountable stacks of maidenly reserve; tears shed in the church where he first took unto himself a wife; and certain signs of deep emotion, unrecorded at the time, when he introduced his second choice — to

As the name rose his light and wandering fancies gathered to a solid consciousness. Almost with a start he opened his eyes and gazed into a panel mirror which reflected the terrace that lay behind him.

He saw there, gazing upon him with profound tenderness and pity, her whose name had grown into the vivid focus of his thoughts, and he perceived what might have been, perceived what indeed might yet actually be.

Their eyes met in the mirror and the revelation was made; but before he could speak or move—before he could conceive a word or action—she had passed away from his view, glided away like a forfeited joy, melted away like a vision of happy things.

(To be continued.)

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The name of Curtis Tonge has been associated with so many notorious novels that the reading public look for high quality in every fresh work from his hand.

"None, alas, none," I am forced to abandon hope of that. All that science can do has been and shall be done; but my beautiful Beatrice is a thing of terror, her loneliness is blasted. I shudder when I think of her. I can only pray that death may soon purge her sweet spirit from the devil that riot there."

"Then yours is a project of despair. You know very well that her disease is not one that shortens life. The countess is not twenty, you tell me. The asylums have inmates that have been incapable for sixty or seventy years. This poor thing is cursed with the blessing of a vigorous constitution; her physical strength is unusually developed; as you have learnt to your cost, there is not a flaw, the doctor says, in her bodily health. You can now hope no more than her death."

"God forbid that I should do so." Then you resign yourself to celibacy and desolation. You give up your life to the cultivation of that cancer of which you spoke just now. Men deceive themselves when they prize of fame and the benefit of mankind. It is the self-destruction of fanatic frenzy."

Harold half rose in astonishment. The old peer spoke with a warmth and decisiveness without precedent in their intercourse.

"These are strange words, Lord Dourie," said the younger man; "words which, forgive me, are not worthy of you. Towards any one but my father's friend I should resent such a criticism."

"My boy, my boy, remember I was your father's friend and don't be angry with me. I am far from condemning you to throw away your very creditable ambition. I believe, though, that you will attempt to fly with clipped wings, that you will fight with half a heart, so long as this incubus—this cancer, as you yourself call it, is upon your life.

It is natural that so young a man, and one so gifted, should set out upon his career at once wedded and wedlocked, but it is not a bit too long. His writing is sprightly, and shows, too, a fair amount of care." Mixed Humanity" (Allen and Co.), by J. R. Couper, takes away its readers to South Africa and introduces them to many strange scenes and much rough company. It is an interesting book in its way, but one is getting just a little tired of Africa and its inhabitants, whether white or black. A whole batch of republications are issued by White and Red dandies look pretty in the bookshop, which made its mark years ago, by Anna Lisle; "The Clever Miss Jancy," by Margaret Haycraft; "A Child of the Precinct," (Cassell and Co.), by John Strange Winter. In "Miss Blanchard of Chicago" (White and Co.), Mr. A. Kerville-Davies successfully follows up the line he marked out in "An American Widow." 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JACK ALLROUND.

I am asked by four correspondents how to pickle onions. As far as the small round silver onions go it is too late this year for their proper season being July and August, but to pickle the Spanish onion which Mary M. asks for, this is an excellent time. Have as many onions as you please; I prefer those of a moderate size. Boil as much vinegar as will well cover the onions when placed in the jar or jars, and let it get quite cold. Make a mixture of salt and bayonne according to taste. Remove one or two of the outside layers and cut the onions across in thin slices. Put a layer of the onion slices in the bottom of the jar, over this sprinkle some of the salt and bayonne, then add another layer of onions, followed by a sprinkling of the seasoning, and so on till the jar is full, then pour on enough vinegar to cover the whole well, tie a bladder over the top of the jar, and in a month the pickle will be fit to use.

"George A." wishes to know the best thing to use for keeping saddles, bridles, and other brown leather things in good order. He has been using hard soap. This I do not think the best thing. If the saddle wants cleaning wash it in cold water and soft soap until free from dirt, then with a woollen cloth, apply about two tablespoonyfuls of soft soap, which will be sufficient for a saddle; it will dry in. If you desire the saddle to have a yellow appearance infuse a pennyworth of bay saffron in four or five tablespoonyfuls of water, and apply that before the soft soap; then rub on a brush or a piece of woollen cloth a piece of beeswax, and with it finish the saddle off, rubbing till a good polish is obtained.

"Gunnery" has been sent a present of anchovies, and he does not know what to do with them, so appeals to me to instruct him. Many tasty relishes can be made of the little fish. For instance, slightly fried in their own oil and served on thin fried toast, they make a nice accompaniment to the cheese course at dinner; or wash, bone, and pound in a mortar some anchovies with an equal quantity of fresh butter and cayenne to taste; mix the paste well together and pass it through a hair sieve, and either spread it on slices of thin toast or roll into balls, and serve with a piece of toast under each ball. Or make them into sandwiches this way—Take, say, a bottle of anchovies, wash them in several waters, remove the bones, and put them in a mortar with a quantity of butter equal to them in bulk, pound thoroughly so as to get a smooth paste, with which spread thin slices of bread and place together.

I have eleven letters requesting a cheap black dye for renovating black coats that have "gone rusty," for dyeing coloured coats black, and dyeing various other coloured cloths black. All my correspondents, save two, urge that the recipe should be both cheap and simple. I therefore give a very simple one, which I know to have been successful in hundreds of cases, especially in the renovating of old black garments. The garments, whatever they be, must first be brushed, shaken, and beaten free from dirt, all greasy stains removed, and generally cleaned, or no satisfactory result will ensue. Boil half a pound to a pound of logwood chips in a copper containing from two to four gallons of water respectively. Let this boil for half an hour, then dip the garments to be dyed into clean warm water, let them get well wet through, squeeze them dry, and put them into the logwood bath in the boiler, and allow them to boil for half an hour. Then take them out and add to the liquor four drachms sulphate of iron, and put them again into the copper and boil for another half-hour. Then take them out and hang them, dripping, on a line for an hour or two, when they should be taken down and rinsed in three cold waters, after which they should be dried and then well brushed with a rather soft brush. Have a dish in the bottom of the copper as a precaution during the boiling of the clothes.

In reply to "L. K." to preserve ginger you must put the ginger for two weeks, every night and morning, in a fresh supply of boiling water. Next with a sharp knife take off the outside skin, then boil the ginger till quite tender, slice it. Now prepare a syrup, using one pound of sugar to half a pint of water, clarify the syrup in the usual way, then put the ginger into it, and boil till quite clear. Leave the preserve to cool before putting it in the jars.

How to polish newly-worked marble, and the materials required for the same, I am asked by "G. S." Five operations are to be gone through, the two first being the most important. First, the smoothing of the roughness left by the cutting is accomplished by rubbing with a piece of moist sandstone or the like, while for mouldings wooden or iron mullions are used, crushed wet sandstone or sand, more or less fine according to circumstances, being thrown under them. The second process is continued rubbing with pieces of pottery without enamel, which may only have been baked once, also wet. If a brilliant polish is desired, flintstone stone in place of pottery must be used, and potter's clay or fuller's earth placed beneath the marble. As the final polish depends almost entirely on these two initial stages, the greatest care must be taken that they are performed with a regular and steady movement, so that all is kept even. When the marble has received its first polish flaws and cavities are filled with a mastic suitable to the colour. The third process consists in rubbing with a hard puncheon stone, under which water and nothing else is constantly poured. The fourth process requires lead filings mixed with the emery mud produced by the polishing of mirrors or the working of precious stones, and to apply this the marble is rubbed with a compact linen cushion, well saturated with the mixture. This is sometimes considered to give a sufficient polish, but to get up a full gloss you must proceed with the fifth. Well wash the entire surface and leave till perfectly dry. Then take a fresh linen cushion moistened only with water and a little powder of calcined tin of the first quality. After rubbing with this for some time take another cushion of dry rag, rub with it lightly, and brush away any foreign substance, and a brilliant polish will be the result.

Asked for a recipe for chutney by "R. H." and "T. T. P." I give the following—Take six large sharp apples, three large onions, six ounces of sultanas, the pulp of two or three tomatoes, one tablespoonyful of ground ginger, one tablespoonyful of cayenne, one dessertspoonful each of salt, anchovy essence, and Indian soy, one tablespoonyful of salid oil, and half a pint of vinegar. Chop up the apples and onions very fine, and chop the sultanas roughly. Next put all the ingredients except the vinegar into a mortar and pound them well together, adding the vinegar by degrees. When all are thoroughly blended, put into wide-mouthed bottles and cork tightly.

"Can you tell me what acid to use, and how to use it, to burn a name on the brass plate of a dog's collar?" asks "Barnaby." Aquaforte or nitric acid will do it. First melt white wax on to the brass, when that has cooled trace out the name with a pointed implement to remove the wax, then apply the

acid, which will do its work in half a minute.

To make onion porridge, which three correspondents ask for, take a large Spanish onion, peel it, and cut it in four parts and put it in a saucepan with half a tablespoonyful of salt, two ounces of butter, and a pint of cold water; let it simmer for more than half an hour, or till quite tender, then pour it into a heated bowl, dredge on a little pepper, and eat it as hot as possible just before going to bed. It is a good remedy for colds.

THE LIFEBOAT HEROES.
Men of the Suffolk coast
Are a brave and gallant host,
Worthy of their country's boast.
If a specimen are they,
Who undauntedly were forth—
For the ocean and its wrath,
Racing waves and hissing froth
Could not bid them stay.
Went to rescue or to die?
When comes the waters' hell,
Came the shipwrecked sailors' cry.
By the tale, right can tell?
Told it should be by a man
Worthy to describe such men,
Who above a child or wife,
Banked a drowning stranger's life.
Heroes every mother's son.
Noblest lifeboat crews in story,
They to duty went—dare and glory.
For the two, thank heaven, are one.

From the west she sailed one day,
A little schooner, smart and trim,
Glad the sailor's heart and gay.
Ocean hath no fears for him.
All that made his bright eyes dim,
Were the words that mothers say.
Hearts were full with thoughts of home,
But all hands were strong and steady.
On they went across the foam,
For equals, if need be, right and ready.
Well, they needed all the pluck.

Which the sailors' big hearts boast,
For full soon the vessel struck
On the rocks which guard our coast.
And upon the old world's shore
She sinks, she rises, sinks again.

Death behind and death before
Wafts within the angry main.
Now wild prayers arise on high,
Tossed back by the raging sky.
Cried to God and man to save,
Mocked at by the wind and wave.
Ah! the waves are slowly riven.
See, she sinks, she sinks from view,
Hapless vessel, hapless crew!
All are prayed unbroken in heaven?

Men of the Suffolk coast
Are a brave and gallant host,
Worthy of their country's boast.
If a specimen are they,
Who in spite of tender ties,
Angry waves and stormy skies,
Went to save or find a grave
When duty led the way.

Oh! it was a glorious sight,
When the boat was launched that night.
Ne'er a hand from duty shrank,
Not a heart amongst them sank.
See, they start upon their way,
Far across the raging waters.

Glory of the seas are they,
Worthy sons of Britain's daughters.
Blessings on the lifeboat then,
Blessings on her gallant men;
Send a hearty British cheer.

Col. G. E., and several officers met at Hounslow on Tuesday to examine as to the safety and fitness of a new rifle, which has just been completed by the Royal Small Arms Factory for the use of the troops. The trials were ordered. The drums were sent to play the drums to church, but the band, who were considering his men into drill, sent out that nearly all of them preferred to Roman Catholics or Dissenters; while the remainder said they were going to remain outside to mind the instruments.

The winter series of lectures of the Metropolitan Police Association have commenced. Among the subjects for discussion is "Street Fighting" by Lieut.-col. R. A., and its possible application to the defence of London. There are also lessons in "Map Reading and War Geography" at the headquarters, Holborn Viaduct, on Friday. At the same time, on the association's large scale map at the headquarters, 1st Middlesex R.V., Davies-street, Oxford-street.

The "Daily Graphic" tells an extraordinary tale of how a certain Volunteer corps was recruited. The result of the prize for signalling among the men of the 2nd Life Guards V.R. has resulted in the contest having been won by Pte. Hunter with a percentage of 300. Pte. Baxter took the second prize with a score of 203.5, and Pte. King the third prize with 166.50.

The shooting season is now over, and returns are now coming in referring to the results of the last man in the H.A.C. for this is the second year in which he has carried off the championship. The "spoon" in A class was also carried off by the enterprising marksmen. The gold cup was won by Corp. H. M. Keane.

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ERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN AN IRISH POLICE BARRACKS.

Information reached Dublin on Wednesday at a terrible series of murders had been committed by a constable at the police barracks at Ballinadrumna, county Kildare, a murderer subsequently taking his own life. The shooting affair occurred on Monday night, when Constable Pilkington attacked Sergt. Rogan and his family in the barracks, killing the unfortunate officer, his wife and three children, and seriously wounding four others. It appears that no one else was in the station at the time, and the spot was very isolated. At Dublin Castle Sir Andrew Reed, inspector-general of the Royal Constabulary, stated on Wednesday that the latest telegram was as follows: "Sergt. Rogan, his wife, and three children murdered last night by Constable Pilkington, of same station."

WHO SHOT HIMSELF?

In attempting to set fire to the barracks in several places. Four other children in dangerous condition, having been beaten by the constable. One is not expected to survive.

The other man at the station except the sergeant and the constable—Sergt. Rogan had been stationed at Ballinadrumna for the time, and he and his wife and seven children lived in the barracks. There were six stations in the place three constables, and it is surmised that two of these were on guard duty, and that Pilkington was acting as barrack orderly when the murder took place. The sergeant had been serving two years in the service, and Constable Pilkington had served for ten years, was unmarried. Both men

BORN EXCELLED CHARACTER.

Pilkington's motive was for committing

crime it is impossible at present to say.

The impression in official circles is that he

suffered from a sudden fit of insanity,

now reached the constabulary office at

clock, and by the next available train

at 10 a.m. Mr. Whelan, accompanied

by Mr. Hurle, private secretary to the

postmaster-general and Dr. Gordon, principal

general to the constabulary force,

got to the scene. The divisional

commissioner, Capt. Stokes, with County

Louth, and District Inspectors, Captain

Locke, and Tukey, who heard

news at different police stations,

repaired to the spot. The inquiries

were promptly instituted satisfied these

that there was no ground for a

suspicion which gained a brief currency,

the inhabitants of the place had attacked

barracks and committed the murders.

result of these inquiries was at once

communicated to the constabulary depart-

ment.

INQUEST AND VERDICT.

Mr. Joseph Smyth, coroner, subse-

quently held an inquest at Ballinadrumna

the bodies of Sergt. Rogan, his wife,

and three children—Mr. Nugent, J.P.,

and the statement which had been made by

a little girl, Elizabeth, which was to the

swelling effect—"In the middle of the

night we were all awake. Father and mother,

all my brothers and sisters, nine in number,

were all in father and mother's room.

The door opened, and some one

entered the room, and a match was lighted

by the person entering, and then I saw it was

Constable Pilkington. He then fired three

I heard my mother say, 'That is a'

and that was all. After he fired

shots he had a stick in his hand,

which he struck down all the children,

was leaving the room after being struck

he caught hold of me and asked me

WAIS I MAD ALSO.

I cried at the same time. I locked the

door of the room on the inside, but he came

in and burst it, and beat the children

on. He then went out, and I heard a shot.

The coroner and the jury proceeded

to the house at which the injured children

were being cared for, and read over the state-

ment to the girl Elizabeth, who lay in bed,

and she had nothing to add to it.—Dist.

Nippold said he knew of his own knowl-

edge that the two men had lived on the best

as together. Rogan had often asked wit-

ness to promote Pilkington, and had always

been in terms of the highest praise of him.

Medical evidence was then given as to the

cause of death. In the case of the father and

her death had been caused by revolver

bullets piercing the brain, and in the case of

the son by the heavy weather now

being experienced in the Atlantic, the victim

bringing them may not arrive till after the

fall inst., the date fixed for the execution.

Neill's solicitors hope that under these

circumstances, a respite will be granted, if

only for a few days. The papers now on the

Atlantic are said to afford convincing evi-

dence of the prisoner's insanity.

NEILL IN THE CONDEMNED CELL.

WRITING A HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

Another shocking tragedy has taken place at Oldham. On Wednesday afternoon two lads entered 83, Deane-street, and were horrified to find a young woman named Hickey lying dead on the hearth with her throat cut, and her step-brother lying beside her with his throat also cut. The man attempted to speak, but was unable to do so. His name is James Jackson, and he was formerly paymaster-sargent in the 2nd Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers. He left his regiment three years ago, and afterwards joined the Lancashire Militia on the staff of which until three weeks ago he was sergeant. Since he returned home he had, it is alleged, repeatedly threatened to extort money from the family. His step-sister, Clara Hickey, was employed at a mill in the neighbourhood, and on Wednesday morning his mother, Mary Hickey, went to perform her daughter's work at the mill. At dinner-time Clara Hickey intimated that Jackson had attempted to cut her throat during the forenoon and that she had taken a razor from him. Jackson, after that, watched her movements and struck her a blow. As the boys entered the house, Jackson fell across the body of Clara, and had in his hand at the time a large broad-knife. The young woman was dead. The doctor dressed Jackson's wound, and he was removed to the infirmary, where he was placed under arrest. He died on Wednesday night. In a pocket-book found was a statement written by the accused to the effect that he would commit murder and suicide. It is stated that Jackson was irritated because his sister was about to be married. It had been arranged for the girl to leave home with her mother to reside at her sweetheart's house until the wedding, which was to take place three weeks hence. The banas were to have been published on Thursday.

ANOTHER OLDHAM TRAGEDY.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

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INDITING A CONFESSION.

The small wooden table from which Neill takes his meals was extemporized as a writing table. A hole, which had probably been dug out with a knife, in the extreme right-hand corner of the table, was filled with ink. The old-fashioned stool, upon which so many murderers have sat, was placed in front of the table to serve as a chair. Neill commenced writing shortly after 12 o'clock on Saturday, and incessantly scribbled away until three o'clock. The nature of his writings is, of course, not known, and the probability is that it will not be disclosed until after his execution. It is, however, stated, on reliable authority, that it is a confession in the nature of a history of his life.

THE CONVICT CALMED.

The wretched man is declared to be much calmer. He sleeps soundly, seldom staying less than twelve hours in his bed. For breakfast he takes coffee and eggs; for dinner a chop or steak; and for supper, bread and cheese. The last two meals he washes down with the beer allowed him by the prison authorities. No sort of anxiety seems now to oppress the convict, but he is said to watch his warden's every movement. Every precaution has been taken to prevent any attempt at suicide, the officials having gone so far as to substitute a pair of horned spectacles for the gold-rimmed ones so long associated with the prisoner.

DAY 100 IN EXECUTION.

Mr. Kynaston Metcalfe, under-sheriff for the county of London, stated, in the course of an interview, that when he personally informed Neill of the date and hour fixed for his execution he maintained a dogged silence, and when he asked, "Have you anything to say, Neill?" the convict merely answered, "No."

The under-sheriff had expressly

written to Mr. Barratt Currie, the

high-sheriff, to know whether the Press

were to be admitted, and he had replied that

the precedent created in Mrs. Pearcey's case

namely, a private execution—was not to be

broken under any consideration. The sentence upon Neill will therefore be carried out in the presence of Mr. Kynaston Metcalfe, Billington (the executioner), and the prison officials only. Mr. Metcalfe has received requests for authority to be present at the execution from all parts of the country and abroad. A doctor had written from the Austrian Embassy asking for permission to attend, and also at the holding of the post-mortem examination and the Home Secretary has written to a Brainsree phonologist invited to allow an examination of the convict's phrenological characteristics.

A WEALTHY BEGGER.

A man named Gustave Marcellin, known as

as a professional beggar, was found dead in his

room in the Rue du Faubourg St. Martin, Paris.

A search of his pockets revealed £200 in cash

and a sum of £100 in banknotes.

It is also said that the convict's family in America sent £100 towards the preparation of his defence. Mr. Geoghegan's fee is understood

to have been £20.

A PETITION TO THE QUEEN.

A petition, with affidavits annexed, has

been forwarded to the Home Secretary by

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SUSPECTED MURDER OF A SWEETHEART.

A mysterious case of drowning has been

investigated by the Manchester coroner. On

the 27th ult. a young woman named Elizabeth Hall left home to meet her sweetheart, and as she failed to return, inquiries were made, and on Monday her body was found in the canal, with two contused wounds on the head, probably caused by a stick. The doctor stated that the wounds were caused before death. The sweetheart has decamped, and the inquest was adjourned to enable the police to find him.

A LOVE COMPLICATION.

In a German newspaper, a few days ago, two curious advertisements appeared. In one

number is the following announcement:

"I hereby declare that the right honourable gentle-

men of the who feared that there might

be enough to 'go round.' This done, the

and marched four abreast to the Vestry of

George's-in-the-East, Cable-street, to

and work, returning afterwards to

Hill. Replies have been received by

the Office stating that their letter shall

be given immediate attention, and from

the moment he received his letter, he

"THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

Sir John Samuel Grenier, Attorney-general of Ceylon, has died from pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain have left London for the Continent.

A terrible hurricane has raged at Toulouse and done irreparable damage.

Nine London infants under 1 year of age were last week suffocated while in bed with their parents.

The average cost of a policeman's clothing and accoutrements was £4 18s. 7d. in 1886; it costs now £5 3s. 7d.

President Harrison has issued a proclamation extending the benefits of the American Copyright Act to Italy.

The retiring parish clerk of Ingham, Suffolk, is 91 years of age, and has held the office over fifty-six years.

Mrs. Hibbert, whose husband, a fisherman, was killed in a lifeboat disaster of Plymouth, has been awarded £500 by the Admiralty.

During a heavy fog in Birmingham on Tuesday, two steam-cars came into collision. The engines were completely wrecked, and one driver was seriously injured.

Deaths in London from diseases of the respiratory organs which had been 184,241, and 267 in the preceding three weeks, further rose to 290 last week, but were 78 below the average.

Two of the most fatal diseases in the metropolis last week were pulmonary consumption and cancer. The former disease carried off 151 persons, while cancer killed 60.

A Cabinet Council was held on Monday last at the Prime Minister's official residence, Mr. Gladstone presiding, and all the ministers were present.

The Duke of Cambridge held the first military levee for the winter season at the Horse Guards last Monday, when he received about 150 officers of the senior rank.

It is estimated by some horticulturists that more than 1,800 varieties of roses worthy of cultivation have been produced during the present century.

A Durham miner named Jones was preparing compressed gunpowder for blasting purposes when it exploded, killing his son and injuring himself.

In the United Kingdom there is one licensed house to every 250 of the population, while for every clergyman in the land we have no less than six drink shops.

The number of the criminal classes at large in London to the police of England and Wales in 1891 is under that recorded in the preceding year by 23 per cent.

The boiler of the river steamboat Wakefield, of the Potomac River Company, exploded yesterday, killing three negroes and seriously wounding three white men.

A writer in the Times says it is calculated that Londoners pay an extra water rate of some £70,000 or £80,000 a year in respect of the article which they buy as milk.

The pipe smoked by the Shah of Persia on State occasions is set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds of the costliest kind, and is stated to be worth as much as £80,000.

At Birmingham (Alabama) a negro named Baker, known to have set fire to a cotton mill, was taken from gaol by an excited mob and lynched.

Mr. Ryder, the United States consul at Copenhagen, who has been tried for embezzlement of trust me nays, has been sentenced to thirteen months' penal servitude.

Devonport training ships are overcrowded.

One of the principal causes is that the boys are no longer drafted to sea-going vessels with the old promptitude on completion of their training.

Of the counties Norfolk had the highest number of paupers last year, to the extent of 664 per 1,000 of the estimated population, while the West Riding of York has the minimum of 18 per 1,000.

The King of Denmark has given binocular glasses to Captains Abbott, of Hull, and H. Cutts and John Wadmore, of Grimsby, for their bravery in rescuing a number of Faro fishermen at sea.

Mr. E. W. Brabock, the chief registrar of Friendly Societies, is to lecture before the London Chamber of Commerce on "The Need of Reform in the Law Relating to Building Societies."

M. Averof, a Greek resident of Alexandria, has presented the Queen of Greece, on the occasion of her silver wedding, with 10,000 drachmas for the erection of a reformatory for young criminals.

There may now be seen at the Zoological Gardens the first pinnipeds ever known to be in captivity. It comes from East Africa, and is not unlike birds in the Balkans known as sea partridges.

Mr. Gladstone, acting on the advice of Sir Andrew Clark, has been compelled to regret to decline the invitation of the Lord Mayor-elect and the Sheriff to the banquet at the Guildhall on November 9th.

"It is satisfactory to be able to believe," says a passage in the latest report of the Local Government Board, "that the process of analytical science has more than kept pace with that of fraudulent sophistication."

Gen. Ernest de Négrier, one of the oldest soldiers in Europe, has just passed away. He was born on the 1st of May, 1795, at Lisbon, and entered the French infantry in 1818, and became general in 1837.

Guard Leeman, of the Great Northern Railway, put his head out of his van window between Highgate and Muswell Hill, when a passing train struck him and inflicted very serious injuries.

The Parnellites have promised to withdraw the two petitions against the sitting members for County Meath on condition that the Anti-Parnellites withdraw their petition against Mr. William Redmond, M.P. for Clare.

In London 232,000 births and 1,514 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 440, and the deaths 36, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

In the metropolis last week different forms of violence caused 51 deaths, concerning all of which inquests were held. Of these 51 deaths eight were cases of suicide. The remaining 45 were attributed to accident or negligence.

The marriages of 119,728 persons were registered in England and Wales during the second quarter of this year. With the single exception of the year 1890, it exceeds the rate in the second quarter of any year since 1876.

The Queen has purchased three sea pictures, executed by M. G. Richard Cordingley, a young French painter, who has spent a long time on board one of the snarks in the North Sea making sketches of the men at their arduous work.

At San Francisco a man named Bartlett, one of the survivors of the Jeannette Arctic Expedition, was seized with a fit of homicidal mania, in which he killed his wife's niece, seriously wounded his wife, and then committed suicide.

The Queen, in recognition of the services of Capt. Thomas Harrison, Royal Engineers, and Lieut. George Fletcher MacMunn, Royal Artillery, in the recent operations connection with the defence of Sodan, has given instructions for the appointment of

the gallant officer to be Companions of the Distinguished Service Order.

The Queen will move the Court from Balmoral to Windsor Castle on the 15th of November.

University College, Aberystwith, has this session some 240 students. About one-third are women.

Forty-four fellows and 228 members of the Royal College of Surgeons of England died in 1891-2.

The late Rev. Jackson Wray was the son of a village carpenter, and in his youth learned his father's trade.

There arrived in Liverpool last week, from American and Canadian ports, 3,863 cattle and 21,762 quarters of beef.

The number of efficient for the whole of the Volunteer force last year was 214,197, out of 222,045 enrolled.

Professor Virchow, the German pathologist, has been appointed an honorary member of the Imperial Russian Natural Philosophy Society.

Last year the importation of margarine into Great Britain amounted to £235,000wt. (or 318,000 head of population).

The late Mr. Thomas Nelson, of Edinburgh, has bequeathed £50,000 for the erection of working men's clubs and reading-rooms.

"All over the country," says Mr. W. Bedmond, M.P., to his Irish friends, "people are beginning to rejoin the National League."

Another evasive reply with regard to the proposed British mission to Afghanistan has been received by the Indian Government from the Amers.

It is now two months since rain in any quantity has fallen in Eastern Pennsylvania, and prayers for rain are being offered in various parts of the State.

Three coloured men and five coloured boys, convicted of murdering a physician in Kent county, Maryland, have been sentenced to be hanged.

Mr. G. Walter is the new Common Councillor for the ward of Farnham Without. He secured 475 votes, and his opponent, Mr. C. G. Moore, 457.

Cripple Creek, a mining town of Colorado, now has a population of over 10,000 people, while a year ago there were less than 50 persons within its borders.

An American named Tarrant, touring in Mexico, has been murdered and robbed at Cartorio, not far from Monterey, and his body thrown over a precipice.

Under the State law of Wyoming, women will vote at the coming American Presidential election for the first time in the history of the country.

Established thirty years ago, under the presidency of Lord Brangman, the Working Men's Club and Institute Union has now affiliated to 410 institutions.

Gaiety, at sometime cook to the late German Emperor, lost nearly all his savings some time ago, and recently died in Berlin. In his latter days the poor chef frequently knew the pangs of hunger.

At the Mansion House Police Court, two men were sent to prison for a month for cruelty to a horse, the alderman observing that no fine would meet the justice of the Bole Bill.

In the metropolitan area of fifteen miles round Charing Cross, and adding the City of London, the number of "known thieves and depredators, receivers of stolen goods, and suspected persons at large was last year 2,332, as compared with 2,339 in 1890.

The largest locomotive in America was recently turned out from the workshops of the Union Pacific Railroad at Omaha, Nebraska. The engine is 13ft. 3in. high from the engine-expansion, 13ft. 3in. from the boiler, 5ft. in diameter, and over 234ft. long.

The Athletic Club House in Chicago, which was approaching completion, has been destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at 100,000 dollars. The outbreak occurred simultaneously on four different floors. A few hours before there had been a strike amongst the workmen.

Last month the Home Secretary granted 27 certificates of naturalisation to aliens under the provisions of the Naturalisation Act, 1870. Of these aliens, 10 came from Germany, seven from Russia, two from Prussia, two from Austria, and one each from Italy, Saxony, Denmark, Sweden, Turkey, and Wurtemburg.

Several of the dead in the Scotch express collision near Thirsk had upon them insurance tickets or current numbers of periodicals guaranteeing the payment of certain amounts in case of death by railway accident. Of the latter no less than six, representing altogether £2,750, were found upon James J. Anderson.

A Guildford suicide named Bingley, 54 years of age, and a bachelor, left a letter asking that his body should be buried in a pauper's grave. He enclosed a lock of hair and a ring which he requested might be buried with him. His letter concluded with the quotation, "The better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

The publisher of a Belgian journal has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment at the Brabant Assizes, for publishing articles of a strongly Anarchist character. The accused escaped from the court during the adjournment, and did not hear the sentence, which was received with hisses by the Anarchists present.

The number of visitors to Père Lachaise and other Paris cemeteries was on Tuesday not nearly so large as is usually the case on the 1st of November. It is stated that a columbarium like the one at Milan is shortly to be built by the city of Paris at Père Lachaise. The cost is estimated at about £30,000, and there will be 10,000 recesses for urns.

"The statistics of our police courts and gaols," says Dr. Norman Kerr, "afford unimpeachable evidence that our present judicial treatment of habitual drunkards is simply a failure. If neither reforms nor deters. The truth is that our existing criminal procedure, so far from improving the offenders, only confirms and renders more chronic their bewitching disease."

Princess May of Teck has just undertaken to collect the sum of £100 for the Victoria Home for Invalid Children, about to be established at Margate for the treatment of juveniles suffering from curable diseases and requiring long continued rest and nursing.

In a garden at Mayfields, Farnham, an apple tree has a wire fence attached to a limb, the wire having been completely embedded in the bark, in tyre fashion. This year the particular branch was loaded with fruit, while other parts of the tree were nearly barren.

Mr. Justice Kennedy, after being sworn in at the Privy Council, took his seat for the first time on his appointment as one of Her Majesty's judges in No. 2 Court of the Queen's Bench Division on Tuesday. The court was crowded, and there was a large attendance at the bar.

A collision occurred the other morning at South Hayling. An engine, which had been sent to Portsmouth for repairs, was returning from Havant with four waggon loads of oysters from Whitstable, when it collided with another train through the brake refusing to act. Much damage was done to rolling stock, but nobody was injured.

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the gallant officer to be Companions of the Distinguished Service Order.

Luther House, where the formal deed of dedication was signed.

A colony of about 1,000 Japanese is to be established in Silsilia, Mexico.

A committee of the Belgian Parliament has rejected the principle of universal suffrage by 16 votes to 4.

A promise has been given by Lord Rosebery to contribute £50 towards the provision of a technical institute for Epsom.

The Queen's household is a vast establishment. About 1,000 officials of various ranks receive salaries from Her Majesty.

The Birmingham Athletic Institute has 1,147 pupils, of whom 586 are males and 549 females.

Mr. McFadden, late of the Y Division, is now the Metropolitan Police superintendent at Islington.

A shark nearly 5ft. long and weighing 500lb. has been captured at Ramsgate by some fishermen.

Miss Frances Willard has been elected president of the Women's Temperance Union of the United States.

Some railroad bonds and stock which belonged to the late Mr. C. S. Parnell were sold by auction in New York, and realized £1,500.

The Great Eastern Railway on Tuesday ran their first through train to York from London and their continental port of Parkstone.

The appeal of the pugilist Mitchell, convicted for brutally attacking an old man in the Strand, will shortly come before Sir Peter Eden.

An Indian paper states that Miss Isa E. Wray has been appointed assistant-surgeon of the Victoria Castle and Gosha Hospital, Chankap.

A report of railway accidents in India last year shows that on the average one in 1,018,517 passengers was killed, and one in 332,347 was injured.

This year the total costs of the various County Council elections chargeable on the rates amounted to £45,876, while in 1889 they were £43,619.

Tennyson's grave in Westminster Abbey continues to be visited by hundreds of persons, some of whom lay wreaths of flowers on the poet's tomb.

The members' roll of the Regent-street Polytechnic contains about 3,000 names. There are also 11,000 attending classes or in some way connected with the institution.

The body had been cut down by Crook. An inquest was held, and the jury returned a verdict of suicide whilst of unsound mind, brought on by intemperate habits.—Prisoner was discharged.

A final meeting of the Somersetshire Floods Relief Committee was held on Wednesday at Bridgwater, the Earl of Devonshire, Lieutenant of the County, presiding.

It was reported that the total amount distributed was £27,130, and that 1,290 claims had been received. The relief fund had been the means of saving many of the smaller occupiers, whose lands were flooded, from absolute ruin.

Mr. Frederick Milner and Mr. John Morley, on the constitution of the Evicted Tenants' Commission, the Chief Secretary expressed the hope that it will be received by the House of Commons in a sensible and conciliatory spirit. He adds:—"I design the commission to be an agent of healing and of peace. In other words, I mean business, and not a mere move in an angry game."

Sir Henry Lock, Governor of Cape Colony, entertained by the London Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday evening, has had an adventurous career. He was one of those who accompanied Lord Elgin's special mission to China. While in the Celestial Empire in 1860 he was treacherously made prisoner during negotiations under a flag of truce. He was actually led out to execution, when he was rescued from so terrible a fate.

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An inquest was held at Rotherham on Albert Wood, labourer, and James Middleton, rat catcher. The deceased man had partaken of oatmeal pudding, which was found to contain arsenic. It is supposed that the poison was the vermin killer used by Middleton in his business.

The largest locomotive in America was recently turned out from the workshops of the Union Pacific Railroad at Omaha, Nebraska. The engine is 13ft. 3in. high from the engine-expansion, 13ft. 3in. from the boiler, 5ft. in diameter,

PERSONAL AND LEGAL.

CHERRY.
THANKS letter; sorry mine changed; always going to meet; greatest discretion; walk out side station other place.

HARRY TO N. P. N. L.
WE still hold stock. Linen, &c., &c. E. shall be on bridge. Interpol. Sunday.

J. C. JORDAN, OF JESUS.
FORMERLY of Edmonton, will communicate with F. Jordan, of Hanley-road, Finchley Park, N. She may need something to her signature.

WALTER MULTRY.

COMMONLY called PETER, the son of Joseph Multry, deceased, a short time since worked in the neighbourhood of Windsor. He appears to be in communication with his father's widow, and is now communicating with the undersigned.

WILLIAM ROBINSON, Son, and MARY, M.
Charterhouse-square, E.C. Solicitors.
Dated 21 October, 1892.

D. A. THOMAS.
WILLIAM HAY HOWARD, died October 2nd, at Chelmsford, Margaret, aged 8 years 11 months. Friends please note this.

SARAH ROBINSON Widow Deceased
PURSUANT to the Statute 2nd and 3rd Victoria, cap. 5, intituled "An Act for better securing the payment of debts," etc., etc.

NOTICE IS GIVEN that all creditors and others having any claim against the late Sarah Robinson, widow of the late William Robinson, deceased who died on the 2nd of October, 1892, in the County of London, Widower, were to receive payment of their debts from the Master of the Hospital, at the above address, either personally, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 12 noon, or by letter addressed to him, or by post, giving ten days notice of such payment.

WANTED, the address, if alive, address and date of death, of the late GENTLEMAN KIRKLAND, 10th Regiment; and Lieut. STAPLETON D. BURGESS, late R.M. 7th Hussars, both of whom were present at the marriage of the undersigned to the late Mrs. [unclear] on November 6, 1892.

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D. A. THOMAS.
Solicitor for the Administrator.

13 King's Cross-road, W.C.

ATTWOOD'S (old-established)

PRIVATE DETECTIVE OFFICE, 1, Catherine street, E.C. Persons sought, friends traced. Society in all cases. Experienced Detectives.

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DIVORCE.—Before commencing divorce proceedings consult HENRY SLATER, 1, Catherine street, E.C. Persons sought, friends traced. Society in all cases. Experienced Detectives.

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